# THE

# BERMUDIAN:

## A POEM.

By NATHANIEL TUCKER.

*Ille terrarum mihi præter omnes*
*Angulus ridet.* HOR.

*So fenced the air, ſo moderate the clime,*
*None ſickly lives, or dies before his time.*
*Heav'n ſure has kept this ſpot of earth uncurſt,*
*To ſhow how all things were created firſt.*

WALLER.

LONDON:
Printed for the AUTHOR.
Sold by T. CADELL in the Strand,
and by W. CREECH, Edinburgh.
MDCCLXXIV.

# To the AUTHOR.

## A SONNET.

INGENUOUS Youth, whoſe oaten pipe eſſays,
Ere manhood's honours on thy lip appear,
A theme unſung ſince WALLER's tuneful days,
Nought bluſh, this wreath, wove by the Muſe, to wear.

FOR ill, with thine, may WALLER's verſe compare;
Smiling, to thee he'd yield the votive bays,
And own how little worth his frolic lays
The meed of thy more happy ſong to ſhare.

STILL range the iſle where genial Summer reigns,
Paint the bold charms that fire the glowing eye;
So ſhall we find adorn thy future ſtrains
Tranſcripts from Nature, that may more than vie
With all the day-dreams Fancy can deſcry,
In raptur'd viſion, o'er th' Elyſian plains.

S. HENLEY.

# The BERMUDIAN:

## A POEM.

BERMUDA, parent of my early days,
To thee belong my tributary lays;
In thy bleſt clime, ſecur'd from inſtant harms,
A tender mother preſs'd me in her arms,
Lull'd me to reſt with many a ditty rare,
And look'd and ſmil'd upon her infant care.
She taught my liſping accents how to flow,
And bade the virtues in my boſom glow.

HAIL Nature's darling ſpot! enchanted iſle!
Where vernal blooms in ſweet ſucceſſion ſmile;
Where, cheriſh'd by the foſt'ring ſea-born gale,
Appears the tall palmetto of the vale;
The rich banana, tenant of the ſhade,
With leaf broad-ſpreading to the breeze diſplay'd,
The memorable tree, of aſpect bold,
That grac'd thy plains, O Lebanus, of old;

The fragrant lime, the lemon at his ſide,
And golden orange, fair Heſperia's pride.
While genial Summer, who, approaching faſt,
Claims to diſperſe the ſhort-liv'd wint'ry blaſt,
O'er the green hill, and cedar-bearing plain,
Boaſts undiſturb'd a long-protracted reign.

Here bluſhing Health, deſcending from above,
The daughter fair of cloud-compelling Jove,
Pleas'd with the ſcene all naturally gay,
And importun'd by Temperance to ſtay,
In pity to the weary peaſant's toil,
With bleſſings crown'd the wave-ſurrounded ſoil.

Too happy land! if in the ſearch around
The ſource of opulence cou'd here be found,
And thy worn offspring, ev'ry care reſign'd,
His dwelling peaceful, and ſerene his mind,
With independence bleſs'd, could ſit him down
In age ſecure from niggard Fortune's frown!
But early torn reluctant from their home,
Amidſt the tempeſt's roar condemn'd to roam,
Thy ſcatter'd ſons, a race of giant form,
Whoſe ſouls at peril mock, and brave the ſtorm,

At honeſt labour's call, with fruitleſs pains,
Are far diſpers'd o'er Britain's wide domains.

ETERNAL bleſſings with profuſion ſmile,
And crown with laſting bliſs my parent iſle!
Bleſt be the narrow field, the little cot,
And bleſt the lab'ring ſwain's contented lot!
For thee may Commerce to the ſouthern gale
Succeſsfully expand her ſwelling ſail,
And from Peruvian mines the ſlave for thee,
With treaſures load the wave-dividing tree!
With joy returning, each endeavour ſped,
No more compell'd to roam for ſcanty bread,
All heart-corroding cares at length ſuppreſt,
Each want ſupply'd and ev'ry wiſh poſſeſt;
May thy loſt children, to their friends reſtor'd,
Taſte every bleſſing Fortune can afford.
While I, whoſe birth more inauſpicious far,
Confeſs'd the reign of ſome malignant ſtar,
Whoſe name, alas! from fair Enjoyment's date
Stands far remov'd upon the roll of Fate,
With weary ſtep, each diſtant realm explore,
A wand'ring exile from my native ſhore.

OFT,

Oft, when in ſhades envelop'd, Night deſcends,
And Darkneſs o'er the hemiſphere extends,
When gloomy Silence huſhes ev'ry ſound,
And dead Tranquillity prevails around,
And the diſtreſs'd, unmindful of their woes,
In balmy ſleep their heavy eye-lids cloſe,
While no repoſe my weary ſoul can find,
Thy lov'd idea riſes in my mind.
Swift at the thought, and for enjoyment keen,
Regardleſs of the ſeas that roll between,
Where o'er ſurrounding depths thy cliffs ariſe,
With rapid wing my buſy fancy flies;
And, repreſenting ſcenes of paſt delights,
A painful pleaſure in my breaſt excites.

E'en now, tranſported to my native land,
Upon the ſummit of ſome hill I ſtand,
The cedars view, uncultur'd as they grow,
And all the varied ſcenery below.
Far at a diſtance as the eye can reach,
Extend the mazes of the winding beach:
Loud on the coaſt the bellowing ocean roars,
While foaming ſurges laſh the whiten'd ſhores;

Stupendous

Stupendous rocks in wild confuſion ſtand,
Lift their tall cliffs, and ſadden all the ſtrand.

BEFORE Aurora gilds the eaſtern ſkies
The ſun-burnt tenants of the cottage riſe;
With many a yawn their drowſy comrades hail,
Rub their dim eyes, and taſte the morning-gale.
Some bear the baſket, plenteouſly ſupply'd
With hooks and lines, the able fiſher's pride;
Others with dextrous hands the toils diſplay,
Well ſkill'd to circumvent the ſcaly prey;
With wide-extended nets the ſhores they ſweep,
Or man the bark, and plough the finny deep.
The happy iſlander, return'd at night,
Recounts the day's adventures with delight;
Aſtoniſhes the liſt'ning croud with tales
Of rocks avoided, and of dang'rous gales;
Of groupers who, deluded by the bait,
Shar'd many a former grouper's wretched fate;
And rock-fiſh, who had tugg'd the well-ſtretch'd line,
Oblig'd their pond'rous carcaſe to reſign.
The little urchin, playing on the ſtrand,
At diſtance kens the bark return'd to land,

He hiés impatient, views the ſcaly ſtore,
And bids his parent welcome to the ſhore.

MEANWHILE the houſewife decks the cleanly board
With all her homely cottage can afford;
Her little brood are ſeated to their wiſh,
And taſte the bleſſings of the ſmoking diſh;
Of childiſh ſtories prattle all the while,
Regarding either parent with a ſmile;
The finny monſter's grateful taſte admire,
And for it bleſs their providential fire.
He with delight the youthful tribe ſurveys,
His gladen'd eyes ſtill brighten as they gaze;
Of earthly joys he knows no higher pitch,
And bids the prince be great, the miſer rich.

WHERE riſing Phœbus darts the morning-ray,
The verdant hills a diff'rent ſcene diſplay;
Promiſcuous houſes in the vale are ſeen,
Whoſe decent white adorns the lively green.
The weary peaſant here, reclin'd at eaſe,
Beneath his fig-tree courts the ſouthern breeze;
Or, while the great, at fruitleſs cares, repine,
He ſits the monarch of his little vine.

THERE

THERE ſcatter'd iſles, whoſe banks the waters lave,
Grace with their herbage the pellucid wave.
The lordly bullock there, unus'd to toil,
Securely ſtalks the tyrant of the ſoil;
While tender lambkins on the margin play,
And ſport and gambol 'midſt the ſunny day.

FROM early infancy inur'd to toil,
Rough as the rocks that bound his native ſoil,
The ſturdy craftſman, with laborious hand,
Fells the tall tree, and drags it to the ſtrand:
Reſounding ſhores return the hammer's blows,
Beneath the ſtroke the gaudy pinnace grows,
Launch'd, and completely mann'd, in queſt of gain,
Spreads her light ſails, and tempts the wat'ry main.

NEAR yonder hill, above the ſtagnant pool,
My ſtern preceptor taught his little ſchool:
Dextrous t'apply the ſcientific rod,
The little truants ſhudder'd at his nod;
When-e'er he came, they all ſubmiſſive bow'd,
All ſcann'd their taſks induſtriouſly loud;
And, fearful to excite the maſter's rage,
With trembling hands produc'd the blotted page.

Skilful

Skilful he was, and dabbled in the law,
Bonds, notes, petitions——any thing cou'd draw:
'Twas even whiſper'd, and 'tis ſtrictly true,
He claim'd acquaintance with the Muſes too,
And, by the goddeſſes inſpir'd, at times,
His lofty genius mounted into rhymes.
Great bard! what numbers can thy praiſe rehearſe,
Who turn'd *Qui mihi* into Engliſh verſe;
Taught the ſmug epigram with art to glide,
And e'en at lines of heav'nly Maro try'd?
Tho' many an epitaph of thine was known
To grace the cold commemorating ſtone,
Thy own remains, in ſome neglected ſpot,
Now lie unſung, unheeded, and forgot!

FAR to the ſouth, above the wat'ry roar,
Where the blue Ocean rolls againſt the ſhore,
And the tall cliffs and ſloping mountain's ſide
O'erlook the deep, and ſtop the coming tide,
Of ancient date, and calling for repair,
Is ſeen the pariſh-church, the houſe of pray'r.
No ſtately columns there ſuperbly riſe,
No tow'riug ſteeple greets the diſtant ſkies,

No

No pompous domes magnificence impart,
Strike the pleas'd eye, or ſhow the maſter's art.
To mark the ſilent manſions of the dead,
No obeliſk of marble rears its head,
No finely-decorated tomb is ſhown,
No ſculptur'd monument of Parian ſtone.
But the rude native quarry, as it lies,
A far more coarſe remembrancer ſupplies,
Which the dejected ſon, reduc'd to mourn
His much-lov'd parent, from his boſom torn,
The laſt ſad honours to his aſhes paid,
Sighing, erects to the departed ſhade.

Touch'd with the theme, by pow'rful Fancy led
To more remote apartments of the dead,
I ſee ſad Atticus, in ſilent gloom,
Indignant quit the ſolitary tomb,
His ancient, well-remember'd form renew,
And paſs before me ſlowly in review.
The happy thought, the mirth-exciting joke,
The turn ſatirical, the pointed ſtroke,
The vein of humour, the remark ſo dry,
The witty ſally, and the keen reply,

Around the ſocial table form'd to ſhine,
Without a rival, ATTICUS, were thine.

TALENTS like theſe, (for they have ſeldom fail'd),
While bus'neſs flagg'd, and indolence prevail'd,
And ſullen Prudence, frowning, ſtood aloof,
Entic'd the jovial circle to thy roof;
And for life's eve, thy glory in the wane,
Prepar'd a fund of indigence and pain.

THRICE happy thou! if to diſcretion led
By the much-valued part'ner of thy bed,
Thou hadſt been taught more laſting bliſs to prize,
And learn'd from her example to be wiſe!
But ſhe, ſuch ills unable to withſtand,
When deadly, pale Diſeaſe, with tyrant hand,
Thy cruel deſtiny relentleſs wrote,
Thy viſage ſadden'd, and thy dwelling ſmote;
For thy unhappy lot with grief oppreſt,
Before thee ſunk to everlaſting reſt.
Her duteous offspring, (who, no longer near,
Expos'd unſhelter'd to the ſtorm's career,
His native ſhore unable to regain,
Reluctant plough'd the bleak Atlantic main),

O'erwhelm'd

O'erwhelm'd with ſorrow, at his late return,
With tears bedew'd her conſecrated urn.

THO' at a diſtance from my ſearching eye,
Amidſt ſurrounding woods, thy dwelling lie;
Tho' envious Time or weaning Abſence ſtrive
Thy cheriſh'd image from my breaſt to drive;
Yet near my heart (for they ſhall ſtrive in vain)
His wonted place ſhall CANDIDUS retain.
If manly ſenſe, if an extenſive mind,
Unſway'd by prejudice, and unconfin'd;
A judgement happy to decide with ſkill,
But mild and open to conviction ſtill;
A voice in poliſh'd numbers taught to roll,
Whoſe accents waft the muſic of the ſoul;
An honeſt heart, a temper that can learn
To love mankind, and to be lov'd in turn;
If ſentiments humane, combin'd with theſe,
May challenge merit, and expect to pleaſe,
Of gentle manners, affable and free,
The praiſe, O CANDIDUS, is due to thee.

NO more frequented by the feſtive bands,
Behold yon ſolitary manſion ſtands.

There

There fair ARDELLA tripp'd along the vale,
Her auburn treſſes floating in the gale,
Sweet as the fav'rite offspring of the May,
Serenely mild, and innocently gay:
ARDELLA, once ſo chearful and ſo bleſt,
Now, by Misfortune's iron hand, oppreſt.
Methinks I ſee the ſolitary maid
Penſive beneath the ſpreading cedar's ſhade,
No ſoothing friend, no voice of comfort near,
Heave the big ſigh, and ſhed the ſilent tear.
" Awake to conſolation, nor repine,
" Becauſe the ſorrows of to-day are thine:
" In air let ſublunary cares be hurl'd,
" And look exulting to a better world;
" Triumphant virtue there ſhall bear the ſway,
" And lift thee far above the ſolar ray."

BENEATH my bending eye, ſerenely neat,
Appears my ever-bleſt paternal ſeat.
Far in the front the level lawn extends,
The zephyrs play, the nodding cypreſs bends;
A little hillock ſtands on either ſide,
O'erſpread with evergreens, the garden's pride.

Promiſcuous

Promiſcuous here appears the bluſhing roſe,
The guava flouriſhes, the myrtle grows,
Upon the ſurface earth-born woodbines creep,
O'er the green beds the painted 'ſturtians peep,
Their arms aloft triumphant lilacs bear,
And jeſſamines perfume the ambient air.
The whole is from an eminence diſplay'd,
Where the brown olive lends his penſive ſhade.
When zephyrs there the noon-tide heat aſſwage,
Oft have I turn'd the meditative page,
And calmly read the ling'ring hours away,
Securely ſhelter'd from the blaze of day.
At eve refreſh'd, I trode the mazy walk,
And bade the minutes paſs in chearful talk,
With many a joke my brothers wou'd aſſail,
Or chear my ſiſters with the comic tale;
While both fond parents pleas'd, the group ſurvey'd,
Attentive heard, and ſmil'd at all they ſaid.

THRICE happy ſeat! here once were centred all
That bind my heart to this terreſtrial ball;
The ſight of theſe each gloomy thought deſtroys,
And ties my ſoul to ſublunary joys!

Ye pow'rs ſupreme, who rule the ſpangled ſky,
On whoſe protection firmly they rely,
Grant them each bliſs the fertile mind can form,
And lift them high above Misfortune's ſtorm!

But hark! I ſee them to the green repair,
To taſte the ſweets of the refreſhing air;
Deſcend, my ſoul, on airy pinions light,
The circle join, and feaſt thy gladden'd ſight.

Hail ever-honour'd authors of my birth,
The poor's aſſiſtants, and the friends of worth!
My beſt of brothers, hail! companion dear,
Unſhaken friend and partner of my care!
My ſiſters too! tranſported let me gaze,
And bleſs the ſweetners of my former days!
A long loſt wand'rer to your arms receive,
Soothe all his ſorrows, and his cares relieve.

How incomplete is each terreſtrial joy,
Where diſappointments all our hopes deſtroy!
Two other ſons ſhou'd in the circle ſtand!
For theſe, alas! I ſearch a diſtant land;

Lament them gone, an honour to their race,
And with a ſigh behold their vacant place.

THO' CAROLINA, ſkill'd in ſocial lore,
With open arms receiv'd me to her ſhore;
Altho' her ſons, an hoſpitable band,
Have hail'd me welcome to their fertile land,
And, giving all the friendly heart can give,
Bade their remembrance in my boſom live;
Tho' (thanks to all my guardian powers!) there
I found a brother and a friend ſincere;
Still, for 'tis natural, affection's tide
Flows where my honour'd parents yet reſide.

FOR ever blotted be the fatal day
That tore me from their circling arms away,
When the tall ſhip, regardleſs of my pain,
Call'd me reluctant to the ſounding main;
Aloft her ſwelling ſails triumphant bore,
And left them penſive on the winding ſhore!

MY aged parent's awful voice I hear,
The ſolemn ſound ſtill vibrates in my ear.

" Adieu,

" Adieu, my ſon! with winds propitious go,
" Obtain what knowledge travel can beſtow;
" Thy neighbour's friend, an enemy to ſtrife,
" Uprightly tread the mazy path of life;
" Let honour's rules thy ev'ry act controul,
" Nor ſuffer vice to bend thy ſtubborn ſoul.
" Shou'd ſovereign Gold, the tyrant of mankind,
" Attempt from juſtice to divert thy mind;
" Exulting ſtill prefer the frugal cruſt,
" And ſpurn, with high contempt, the guilty duſt.
" Let all the frowns of Fortune be defy'd,
" Virtue thy friend, and Providence thy guide!"

FINIS.